

## The Critic

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### A Talk With Mr. Froude.

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the eminent historian, sails for England to-day (Saturday) in the *Etruria*. He arrived in New York last Friday, with his son, Mr. Ashley Froude, and spent the night at the Brevoort, but on the following day became the guest of Prof. Vincenzo Botta at No. 25 West 37th Street, where he remained during the brief period of his visit to New York. When he reaches London he will have completed a five-months' tour of the world. He left England in December and went first to Cape Colony, whither he had gone ten years before on an official mission. From the Cape of Good Hope he proceeded to Australia, and spent two months there in studying the relations of the Colonial to the Home Government. He is enthusiastic about his visit to Australia, where he found a prosperous and rapidly growing population settled in an immense and fertile land. How to draw this and the other English colonies into closer relations with the mother country, is a problem in the solution of which he takes the greatest interest. From Australia the traveler went to San Francisco, and from San Francisco he has come hither on his homeward course.

A representative of *THE CRITIC* met Mr. Froude by appointment last Monday morning, and enjoyed a half-hour's conversation with him. He found a tall, well-built man of sixty-seven, with large, strong features of a distinctively intellectual cast, relieved by slight gray side-whiskers of English cut; a high, square forehead, dark and expressive eyes, and a mouth which yields readily to a smile. The face is familiar to nearly all Americans; to most by photographs and engravings, but to many by recollection of its appearance on the lecture platform in this country, when the distinguished historian spoke here on the Irish Question, and was replied to by Father Burke. It is the same face that those who heard him then remember, changed slightly if at all by the passage of ten years. Mr. Froude greeted his caller affably, but said that he had been squeezed dry of all communicable information on the subject of his travels and the state of the English colonies.

'My journey has been to our Colonial possessions,' he explained, 'but it has been a trip for health and pleasure and I am happy to say I have found both.'

'You are more fortunate in that respect than Mr. Herbert Spencer, who visited us a few years ago. He went home feeling less well than when he came among us.'

'Indeed! I didn't know that. But then Spencer thinks so much that he can't get absolute rest under any circumstances. He is always thinking, and I suppose made even the dinner you gave him a subject of philosophic cogitation. Now, I have taken things more easily, and have been benefited by my travels.'

The Anglo-Russian crisis was referred to, and Mr. Froude expressed his disgust at the apparent inability of the two nations to settle peaceably such a dispute as that which has arisen over the Afghan boundary. He seemed

to think that it might easily be arranged without bloodshed; and on an opinion being expressed that an amicable settlement of the differences between the two countries was impossible, he exclaimed:

'But the settlement must be an amicable one; that is, the matter must be arranged by treaty, and I don't see why it shouldn't be so arranged before instead of after a war in which one of the two countries must be defeated. Surely, the world has made some progress that may warrant us in hoping for a peaceable solution of this problem. Nations don't fly to arms as lightly as they used to. The intrigues of a woman could no longer cause a Continental war.'

It was hinted that Russian aggressions on the Afghan border seemed to leave England no choice but to fight; to which Mr. Froude replied that England had been equally aggressive, and that although she chose to forget it now, she couldn't expect Russia's memory to be equally short. 'Didn't we go fighting through Afghanistan, and threaten to lay waste all Turkestan? Have we not robbed Russia of all the fruits of her war with Turkey? Not that I love Turkey; on the contrary. I am not one of those Englishmen who regard the Sultan's dominions as a bulwark against barbarism. Turkish rule has been a curse to every land it has been imposed upon. Both in Asia and in Africa it has left a trail as of oil of vitriol.'

Mr. Froude was surprised to hear that a large part of the French population of Canada is in sympathy with Riel and his adherents in the insurrection now raging in the Canadian Northwest, and that a French weekly had just been started in Montreal in their interests. He was not surprised, however, to learn that the insurrection might have been averted by timely attention to the claims of the half-breeds, but considered the neglect to avert it a characteristic illustration of present English methods of government.

When asked if he still thought of writing a complete biography of Carlyle, he said: 'I do not. As I have already said, I don't think the time has come for such a book to be written. I have placed all the material for it before the public, and may add a few touches to my own part of the work; but that is all. Carlyle was opposed to the spirit of the age in which we live, or at least to the aims and ideas of the accepted leaders. Before a true life of him can be written, we must have learnt from facts whether he was right or they were right.'

The names of Prescott, Motley and Bancroft were mentioned, and Mr. Froude said that he had read less of Bancroft than of either of the others. Motley was decidedly his favorite among American historians. 'I think I was the first in England to recognize the high merits of his work. Soon after its appearance, I wrote for *The Westminster Review* an article on his "Dutch Republic." This led to an acquaintance and friendship that lasted till his death. He seemed to me a man of greater weight than Prescott. He was, indeed, a man of genius.'

Concerning international copyright, the historian had not very much to say, or rather did not say very much, though he evidently felt deeply on the subject. 'In England we think the question is one for you to deal with. We can do nothing. The literary class in England has no backing and no influence. The Secretary of the Board of Trade was recently under examination on the subject of copyright. He didn't think much of it. Some of the best books in the world, he said, had been written by men who were unprotected by copyright laws. Authors should be satisfied with other than pecuniary rewards. I asked him whether Government officials would be satisfied with other than pecuniary rewards—whether he himself or any of his colleagues would willingly forfeit his salary. But it is useless to argue with people who take such a stand as this.'

Mr. Froude was glad to know that authors and publishers on this side of the Atlantic were doing their best to secure to their fellows abroad the benefits of copyright, and that public opinion was beginning to support the movement of

the American Copyright League in this direction. 'I myself have been one of the chief sufferers from the lack of international copyright,' he said, 'and I am too old to hope to gain anything by it now, for whatever laws may be enacted or treaties adopted, their action will not, I suppose, be retrospective; still, for other than merely personal reasons, I should be happy to see this wrong righted. I am not over sanguine, however. Writers and publishers in the East may desire a reform and work to secure it; but what can you do with Chicago and the far West? There is such an enormous lump to be leavened, that I almost despair of your success.'

[From an interview in the *Tribune*.]

'I OBJECT to interviews,' said Mr. Froude, when the object of the reporter's visit was stated, 'because one is so often misrepresented in what he says, or tries to say. I had quite an experience that way in Melbourne. A representative of *The Argus* called on me and sought an expression of my views as to colonial matters, and especially with reference to their colony. I told him I had only recently arrived, and that I did not feel competent to discuss the subjects he proposed. He pressed me for such views of Colonial government as I held, and in walking about the gardens with him for an hour or more I finally talked quite freely with him. He put it all in print. Then *The Argus* came out in a long editorial, calling it an act of impudence for me to attempt to lecture the Colony on its affairs, and attacking the views I had expressed. Well, I wrote quite a sharp letter to the editor, pointing out the fact that my expressions of opinion were wholly the result of his own requests, and that they had been given with a deprecatory feeling that I was not an authority. The result was that the entire town came over to my side, when my letter was published, and I suppose *The Argus* will be my enemy for life.'

[From an interview in the *Herald*.]

'YOU ask for reminiscences. Well, I will tell you one of your much-valued Emerson. It was the last time I saw him. He said that he went to see Carlyle, and in the course of conversation the subject of George Sand was brought up. "What do you think of George Sand?" said Emerson. The venerable philosopher took his pipe out of his mouth, and, shaking his head, replied: "She is a great woman; a great, improper female," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to alter or soften his opinion. When I published Carlyle's biography I knew it would awaken criticism. When Boswell wrote his life of Johnson the same thing took place. But I was determined to do my duty toward the great man who had confided to me a sacred trust.'

'Have you anything to say on American politics?' 'No; I would rather not. Only this, I do not see how your people allow the accumulation of surplus revenue. Only so much should be taken from the people as is necessary to run the government. When your war debt is paid I do not see any use for your high protective tariffs. [Surplus revenue is a source of political corruption.] 'We protectionists believe that what we would gain by a reduction of taxation we would lose in the cessation of industry and the cheapening of labor in consequence of free trade,' suggested the reporter. 'Not a bit of it. The American people are too shrewd and smart to be outwitted commercially. I do admit a few industries might be injured, but in the long run you would be the gainers. A good deal is to be said on the side of protection, I know; but, as one of your bright men said to me in New York years ago, "a very small piece of soap will make a deal of froth in the mouth."'

## Reviews

### Russia and Afghanistan.\*

THE author of 'Underground Russia' is a Russian exile living in Geneva and London; a disorganizer, revolutionist, and nihilist, though not of the murderous type. In his former book he attracted wide attention by his description of famous nihilists, and his denunciation of Russian injustice under the forms of law. While this book was a startling revelation, yet it was one-sided, special pleading upon a

special phase of a great subject. In his second book—'Russia Under the Tzars' (1)—the scope is enlarged so as to include the whole question of the political condition of Russia to-day; his language is calmer, as befitting the dignity of his subject; and the result is a picture, complete in all its details, vivid in its reality, and positively weird in its ugliness. Yet no one who has any intimate knowledge of Russia, whether friendly or hostile to it, can deny that the portrait is life-like in accuracy. And the picture, taken altogether, is incomprehensible, not only to the reader but to the author as well, like Russia itself—that country of 'striking contrasts,' 'strange inconsistencies,' and 'remarkable anomalies,' which the author seeks to explain and reconcile, but succeeds only in bringing out in the boldest relief.

He begins by attempting to explain one of the anomalies—*viz.*, that while Russia has for a central government the most absolute despotism existing to-day in civilized countries, yet the village communities enjoy the largest measure of freedom and self-government, are in fact pure democracies. And he traces in a few words but with the utmost clearness the development of the central autocracy out of these disunited republics, mainly through the necessity of providing a means of common defense against Tartar invasion. He then enters upon the main object of his book—the exposition of the present condition of Russia, and especially of the course pursued by the police against political offenders. In doing so he frankly avows that he desires to make an impression on the public opinion of Europe, believing in common with his fellow-revolutionists, that an appeal to this opinion will prove a far more effective weapon than assassination of rulers and public officers. His description of domiciliary visits, of prison life, of state trials, and of the harshness and injustice of the Russian police officials and legal tribunals, is simply blood-curdling. Most people will refuse to believe that such things as he describes do really exist in this Nineteenth Century; and yet there is little doubt that he can substantiate all he says. He then goes on to show that the imperial power is opposed to all education and all enlightenment, and that the courtiers surrounding the throne are all-powerful to perpetuate the existing condition of affairs upon which they fatten and grow rich and strong; that it is absolutely hopeless to expect that any change will originate from the Tzar himself, and that the only hope for a change is in a violent attack on the autocracy. He believes that the conditions in Russia are ripe for a new French Revolution, in which the autocracy, having outlived the necessity which gave it birth, will disappear, as the old clerical domination disappeared under the vigorous blows of the great reformer Peter. In this we think he is possibly mistaken, and he certainly contradicts himself; for he frankly acknowledges: 'The facts cannot be gainsaid. The tillers of the soil, who form the bulk of the Russian nation, still profess devotion to an ideal Tzar—the creature of their own imagination.' No French Revolution is possible while the bulk of the nation believes in the honesty and good will of the head of the State; and it will be years, if not generations, before the mass of the Russian peasantry will be educated up to the point where they will comprehend the working of a representative government, or will change their belief in the Tzar sufficiently to desire his overthrow.

Like all his class, 'Stepniak' is incompetent to suggest an adequate remedy for the existing condition of affairs, which all acknowledge to be bad. Yet this does not detract from his power to depict the badness of the present condition, and this power is wonderfully great. It is natural that a revolutionist and an exile should give undue prominence to one particular feature—the harshness of the Russian government in dealing with political offenders. It is for this he writes, and it is neither an object nor a necessity for him to describe the generally happy condition of the great mass of the Russian peasantry, perfectly content in their

\* 1. *Russia under the Tzars*. By Stepniak. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. *Afghanistan, and the Anglo-Russian Dispute*. By Gen. Theo. F. Rodenbough. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



simple life with the decisions of the Mir, and feeling that if they do not engage in plots and conspiracies the terrible police will not disturb them. Yet it is perfectly true that a nation must be judged not by its lowest class but its highest, and the chaos which exists in the intellectual and industrial life of Russia is not overdrawn in the frightful picture which is here presented to us. What is to be the outcome and solution of the terrible problems which to-day confront Russia in her internal development, is still as much a mystery after reading this book as before opening it. But as a photograph of the Russia of to-day the book is unsurpassed.

General Rodenbough's book on Afghanistan (2) is related to the book we have just described only by contrast and dissimilarity. One is the work of a man who has the most profound knowledge of that whereof he writes, who has given years of the most intense and passionate study to it, and whose sharply cut ideas and brilliant language are but the outpouring and escape of the pent-up thoughts that fill and consume his being. The other is the superficial result of a few weeks' reading of English military magazines, and the attempt to string together for the necessities of the moment a few chapters of other people's ideas upon a subject of daily interest, and with them to instruct those members of the reading public who are still more ignorant than the writer; one of those little books hastily put together, to sell to-day and be forgotten to-morrow, which inevitably appear in large numbers with every great political crisis. We have one chapter, called 'Through the Gates of Asia,' of odds and ends of historical scraps concerning the Russian advance across Asia; then another, 'On the Threshold of India,' which tells us about Afghanistan; and then two on the British forces and their routes and the Russian forces and their routes, respectively. The chapter on the British is the longest and the best, as it was the one on which the magazine writers from whom the author derives his information were the best instructed. But neither this chapter nor any of the others contains anything which a person of moderate information could not compile from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a few days; and, if he were a skilled writer, compile very much better than it is done here. The mediocrity of the book is somewhat relieved by a few good maps and a large number of spirited and excellent illustrations, obtained from various sources.

#### Rabillon's "Chanson de Roland."\*

It is curious what a calculable thing after all is that incalculable spirit of ours. Given a certain background, a certain environment, a certain concatenation of events, and a certain result will turn up. Most curiously is this illustrated in the case of the growth of epic poetry in mediæval times. Beginning with the Anglo-Saxon, which is the earliest modern nation to produce a great national poem, we find that noble semi-barbarous epic 'Beowulf' growing up as the result of some great historical shock, which caused the Germanic mind of the North to precipitate all its wealth of lays and legends around the legendary figure of a race-hero, as round a centre of crystallization. Looking to Germany we find the mighty deeds of Siegmund, Siegfried, Chriemhild and Brunhild flowing into that vast vortex—the Nibelungen Lied—as if silence had suddenly been shaken into sound; a vortex from whose legendary whirl and chaos historic figures and historic events dimly emerge as flinty atoms around which the nebulous crystals build their luminated architecture. Looking to Spain, we see, upstarting before us, the 'Romancero del Cid'—one of the finest of mediæval epics, which sang itself into light and music, which generated itself spontaneously and fastened itself to the figure of the Cid, and which embalmed in harmonious assonance, in long strings of brilliant lays, the battle-deeds of Saracens

and Spaniards, of prince and paynim. And, last of all, looking to France, we have this great and famous 'Chanson de Roland,' the great dusky crystal in which the beauty and heroism, the deeds and prayers, the faith and life of Charlemagne and his peers gathered around a single historic event—the defeat of Roland by the Moors—and breathed themselves forth in a touching and magnificent lament equal to 'Beowulf,' to the Nibelungen Lied, or to the Cid.

Each nation has thus summed itself up in a supreme poem in which all the national consciousness is awake and astir; a huge burning-glass in which all the passions and hopes, desires and aspirations of the race are concentrated; an immense canvass as full of figures as Kaulbach's or Veronese's, each figure a national product essential to the harmony of the whole. The Scandinavian past is reservoid in 'Beowulf'; all ancient legend-loving Deutschland is focalised in the Nibelungen Lied; Spain speaks with innumerable voices from the Dante-circle of the Cid; and 'Sweet France,' the France of the paladins and palfreys, murmurs—mighty and mysterious, quick with tears, with sympathies, with the hues and colors of life—from out the abyss of the Roland-song, whither it had sunk away—happily not forever—out of the sight of men. Heretofore only one version of the whole Chanson existed in English—that recently published in England by Mr. J. O'Hogan. A translation of Vitet's French paraphrase was made by Mrs. Marsh. Four German translations, one Polish, one Danish, one Icelandic, and twelve French translations, have been made, and mark the popularity of the poem. The American translation, which is in blank-verse, remarkably close and good, is by Mr. Léonce Rabillon, and is worthy to rank among the best. Indeed, this English version by a Frenchman exhibits not only a master over our accentual decasyllabic blank-verse form, but a striking command of good English idiom, an excellent vocabulary, and a nice sense of the meaning of words. It is worthy to be placed beside Bayard Taylor's translation of Tegnér's Frithiof's Saga, Porter's Kalevala, Leland's Heine, and Aytoun and Martin's Poems and Ballads of Goethe. We have compared the translation with the Twelfth Century original (Gautier's edition) and have been favorably impressed with the translator's fidelity to it. That the enterprise was encouraged by Longfellow and owes its publication to his friendly welcome and counsel will be an additional reason for thanking the translator for his painstaking and successful work. Longfellow was himself an accomplished translator, and America and the world owe him a debt of gratitude as a poetic mediator between the nations.

#### Three Theological Books.\*

The venerable Dr. Mark Hopkins has gathered into one volume his baccalaureate sermons of the last twenty-five years. They were originally printed in pamphlet form immediately on their delivery; then they were modified and published in a volume under the title of 'Strength and Beauty.' In the present volume (1) they are restored to their original form, and published in the order in which they were written. They have been supplemented by a discourse on 'Providence and Revelation,' giving an estimate of President Garfield and some remarks on the War; and the volume ends with a memorial sermon before the Trustees and Alumni of Williams College on the death of the President. The book is one which the students of Williams will desire to possess for its association with the wise counsels and the friendship of its honored head. It has also a marked interest in connection with the changes of thought during the period the sermons cover. Dr. Hopkins discourses on live subjects, and he seems to feel the pulse of thought beating about him whenever he enters on the task of address-

\* La Chanson de Roland. Translated by L. Rabillon, French Lecturer at Johns Hopkins University. \$1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

\* 1. Teachings and Counsels: Twenty Baccalaureate Sermons. By Mark Hopkins. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. Pastoral Theology. By James M. Hopkin. \$2.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 3. Letters from Hell. Given in English by L. W. J. S. With a preface by George MacDonald. \$1. Funk & Wagnalls.

ing the young men who are under his charge. The counsel he gives is sound, hopeful and inspiring. He utters no faltering sound, his faith is broad and robust, and the moral influence of his words is excellent. He sees in the world-wide sympathy poured out for Garfield an inauguration of the new age of universal humanity. The result of mechanical invention and skill has been to bring the ends of the earth together in a fellowship never possible before. His praise of Garfield is very generous and appreciative. He sees in him the highest example and type of our American life, and ranks him as the greatest of Americans. Such praise, whether fully deserved or not, does honor alike to teacher and pupil, and we admire it for its heartiness and sincerity.

Prof. Hoppin, of Yale, has now followed his valuable work on 'Homiletics' by a similar one on 'Pastoral Theology' (2). In the later work the same methods are followed as in the former, and they are in reality the two parts of one systematic treatise. He has made an invaluable addition to the literature of the subject, and one which every theological student and minister will find of great service. In the introduction he considers the place and literature of pastoral theology. The first part of the work is devoted to the nature of the pastoral office as it is set forth in the New Testament and as it has been developed by the experience of eighteen Christian centuries. Then he takes up the various phases of the work, and the duties of a pastor, as a man, in his relations to society, in his relations to public worship, in his care of souls, and in his relations to the church. He treats these subjects in a simple and manly fashion, in the light of a large personal experience, and with all possible aids from the writings of others. He deals with the various phases of the pastor's work in a comprehensive and generous spirit, with a large understanding of the limits and capacities of the ministerial office. Many questions which perplex clergymen are here answered in a way to help and encourage them; and the advice given is of that sympathetic and appreciative kind which is most likely to aid those needing it. It is evident that the author has spared no effort to make his work useful to clergymen; and he has succeeded in a most happy manner.

In these days of daring pens one might be uncertain whether this title (3) announces a volume of satires or of sermons. But a glance at the first page, or the last, brings the reader within the grasp of intense, realistic earnestness. The book is pervaded not only by a ghastly picturesqueness, but also by a burning conviction that what is written down is essentially true, and the impressiveness of this combination is not lost—even for a reviewer—by sifting through two languages. Some will find here only the psychological interest of a curious delusion. For sensitive persons the book may easily prove too distressing. It may yield other fruit still, where the soil is fit. Indeed, from the literary standpoint there is occasionally too much of the preacher, but no artistic defect greatly weakens the impression of originality and searching power. The translation—as hinted above—is not made from the author's Danish, but from a German version. The preface, by George Macdonald, does not add much to its worth, unless perhaps from the business standpoint. We suppose the American issue to be a reproduction of the English edition—whether by arrangement with publisher or translator does not appear. There is a ridiculous little index, the responsibility for which it would be pleasant to thrust across the ocean. Presswork and binding are in the category of tolerable, as such things go—but not high up.

#### Rawlinson's "Egypt and Babylon."\*\*

In this little book of above three hundred pages, Rawlinson takes each of the books of the Old Testament in its turn and explains all its references to Babylon and Egypt, as light has been thrown on them by the investigations of

archæologists. He has made a book which is likely to be very helpful to Biblical students, and one to which they will frequently turn as a work of reference. It can need no commendation here for those already familiar with Rawlinson's works. The only criticism to be made on it is that which applies to all similar works, and it results from doubt as to the right interpretation of the ancient records. The zealous defenders of the Bible as a revelation have a tendency to go too far and too eagerly in the direction of seeing proofs of their conclusions as the results of the archæological investigations. We are inclined to think this is Rawlinson's tendency, and that his theories need to be corrected by those of George Smith and other more independent students. But it must be said that Rawlinson has written a very suggestive and valuable work, even if it should prove that his zeal has led him to find proofs of prophecy where there are none. Such facts as he brings together are not of much value in reply to the radical interpreters of prophecy, such as Kuenen, but they are of the utmost importance as showing that the Old Testament narratives have a basis of historic fact. This is what they do assuredly prove, and what should most of all be insisted on by those who would defend the Hebrew Scriptures from those who attack them. Apart from being an excellent commentary on those passages which relate to Babylon and Egypt, Rawlinson's work contains much valuable historic and descriptive information. The descriptions of ancient Babylon are graphic, and based on the latest and most reliable information. In the same way, the accounts of the ancient Egyptian civilization are the results of the most accurate studies, and must be of great service to the Biblical student. The treatment of each of the Hebrew books by itself gives the work too much of the nature of a commentary for the general reader to be quite pleased with it. A systematic presentation of the facts bearing on the subject would have made a more readable work, and one more likely to give a distinct idea of the importance of these studies; but in view of the purpose for which it was evidently designed, the present method is the best. It is a commentary and not a treatise.

#### The German Poe.\*

It seems a singular ethnological phenomenon—if one may so state it—that a plain little German town like Königsberg should give birth to two such improbable and contrasted geniuses as Immanuel Kant and E. T. W. Hoffmann: one the incarnation of pure reason, the other the incarnation of pure *unreason*; the one a fantist, the other a transcendentalist—and both raised on Königsberger *pumpernickel*! 'Belladonna,' said Jean Paul, 'was Hoffmann's muse,' and caprice in every shape and form, lawlessness, insubordination to the rules of art, fantastical self-assertion, were the keystones of his existence. Hoffmann came into the world already tainted with insanity inherited from his mother, from whom his wilful and dissipated though gifted father separated shortly after the advent of the son. He grew up in a narrow circle of relatives whose iron-bound method continually chafed his unmethodical and irregular spirit. The only relief from his sufferings was found in an appreciative aunt upon whom converged as upon a focus all the scattered lines of the boy's sympathies, affections and confidences. Accordingly she became his *famula*—the familiar spirit to whom he whispered all his unuttered inner life, and from whom he received encouragement, tenderness and admiration. As the boy grew up he developed extraordinary talents: music, painting, literary expression strove for the mastery in a spirit haunted by the triple angels of the lyre, the brush, and the pen. When he was supposed to be quietly seated at his desk conning his classics, he was poring over Rousseau's 'Confessions,' books on natural magic, and Schumann on 'The Symbolism of Dreams.' From the start, one may

\* Egypt and Babylon from Sacred and Profane Sources. By George Rawlinson. 8s. 50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Weir Tales. By E. T. W. Hoffmann. From the German, with biographical memoir by J. T. Bealby. Portrait and 10 etchings by Ad. Lalauze. 2 vols. \$3. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



say, he inhaled the flames of the supernatural, his eyes were bedewed with that heavenly ointment which Schiller tells us enables the poet to see over the Styx, and keep touch with the unearthly figures beyond the borderland. As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so his soul panted after the grotesque, the sombre, the feverish, the forlorn. It fed on rank dews, it delighted in the deadly night-shade, it abode with owls on the edge of the supernatural, it transformed itself at night into a vampire whose outspread wings flashed in a ghostly moonshine or swept over a rotten sea. As the boy grew he developed an exquisite prose style, vivid with all the vividness of the school of Brentano, Tieck, and Fouqué—a style abounding in figures, in flashes, in felicities, totally un-German in its brevity and precision, yet instinct with the German mysticism, with the German yearning and longing and insatiate sentimentality. When he took up his pencil his fingers threw off graphic sketches, Fuseli-like in their quaintness and eccentricity—a linear world with inter-linear meaning, symbolism, adumbration. When he sat down to the piano the instrument wept and wailed under his uncanny instrumentation; he surcharged the bloodless tones with a sort of demoniac life, and phantoms seemed to rise out of the ivory graves. He could tell a ghost-story on the piano as nimbly as he could prick one out with his titillating pencil on a sheet of paper. And when he took up his pen he evoked a third wonder-world, strange and wraith-like and unreal as an Ossianic stanza. Tormented as he was by his three-fold demon, impish and perverse as he was in his life, he could never attain the happiness that lies at the feet of even commonplace men. He must reach out hungry arms to clutch a phantom. He must love unlawfully, imagine monstrously, think unnaturally. He was a Jean Paul seen through the wrong end of the spy-glass—infinitely diminished. There is a smirk in his satire; the strings of his lyre are woven of gall-bladders. In the two volumes of his 'Weird Tales,' we have his 'inner consciousness' unravelled like the threads of a silk-cocoon, as fine and glittering as glass, and as intangible. After reading his tales one feels tangled as in a sort of web of phantasms. It becomes tragical to go into a dark room by oneself. The twilight becomes anthropomorphic, and spontaneously breeds appalling forms, and one's dreams resemble a November sky—full of shooting stars and rickety lights, unset, unsettled, and unsettling.

#### "Papers on Art."

MR COMYNS CARR'S 'Papers on Art' take us over well-trodden ground and yet are decidedly readable. They are so, however, principally because they deal with artists rather than with art; or, in other words, because they are more anecdotal than critical. Of the five articles included in the book, the first was originally designed to serve as an introduction to the catalogue of an exhibition of drawings by Old Masters at the Grosvenor Gallery. It should serve such a purpose admirably, being calculated to interest the gallery lounge with curious notes out of Vasari and others, and to supply him with those broad and general views which he can take in without too much trouble. The remaining four are on painters of the English school—namely, Barry, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Rossetti. As regards Gainsborough and Reynolds, the author's matter and manner are all that should be looked for. Their works have been so multiplied by engraving and photography that their style is known to everybody, and the original paintings are passably well distributed through the world. For this reason we can dispense with accurate descriptions of them. And as their merits are everywhere acknowledged, we do not, perhaps, need to have them pointed out in detail. We can enjoy Mr. Carr's agreeably written essays without being troubled by a sense of disappointment at not finding in them much that is new or important about the work of these two great men.

\* Papers on Art. By Comyns Carr. New York: Macmillan & Co.

But of Barry the work is almost unknown, even in England; and Rossetti's work is unknown to us here; while we are sufficiently well acquainted, for the present, with the lives of both. Everybody knows of Barry as a man of irritable but heroic temper, of overweening ambition and immense industry; but just what his great moral paintings are like, what their faults and what their beauties, if any, very few have the smallest idea. Mr. Carr lumps him, in his generalizing way, with Flaxman, Haydon and Blake; just as a Frenchman of to-day will speak, rather disparagingly and all in a breath, of Girodet, and Gérard, and David, and Gros. Though all these men may be classed together as being more or less pedantic in their manner, there were wide differences between them, it needs hardly be said, both as to their powers and as to their aims. Barry was very unlike Blake, and he was far superior in most ways to Haydon. Seeing that, as an artist, he is the least known of the lot, it might be worth while to give a patient and critical account of his work. But this Mr. Carr fails to do.

The essay on Rossetti adds nothing to what has already been published about him. It is almost wholly biographical and apologetic. One may gather from it that, at one time, Rossetti was a patient though imaginative draughtsman; and at a later period a brilliant colorist; and that, finally, he let both drawing and color go in a vain attempt to paint realistically. But that is all that one learns about his art, and it is very little. It is rather remarkable that no one has yet told us more. The book is unexceptionably printed, on heavy paper and in fine bold type.

#### "My Prisons."

'MY PRISONS,' by Silvio Pellico, first published in Italian in 1836 and since honored with more than twenty translations into other languages, still retains its interest, and the new edition now issued by Roberts Brothers in paper covers will undoubtedly be popular. Whether it is looked upon as written with the artless tact of a sincere Christian who meant never to complain and only incidentally heaped coals of fire on his enemies' heads, or with the cunning skill of one who knew how to sheath a sword in velvet, the book is alike remarkable as a chronicle of the unjust sufferings of a patriot and a scholar, who never alludes to the injustice and hardly ever to the sufferings, mentioning calmly that when annoyed by gnats he was 'unable to obtain a change of dungeon' in much the same tone in which a traveller might complain of not being able to change his room at a hotel. Was it only by accident that he hit upon the simplest statement of facts as the most effectual method of rousing sympathy for his country and himself? Or did he deliberately plan a book that should pass the censors of a jealous monarch, be regarded by the priests as a testimony to the efficacy of their creed, be thought by Royalists the confession of a penitent Republican, and by Liberals considered an eloquent picture of the cruelty of despotic rule, while never for a moment impressing even the outside world with any flavor of hypocrisy or tampering with honest convictions? Wonderfully simple as it is, the book is still more wonderfully clever, and the revelation of gentleness of spirit in one who was assuredly no weakling is an excellent lesson even for those of us who may never expect to be imprisoned for a political creed.

#### Minor Notices.

HOWEVER superficial the work done by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle may be, it has merits of its own which highly recommend it. Among the brief treatises prepared for its use is 'Outlines of Psychology, Succinctly Presented,' which has the merit of conciseness and of being easily comprehended. It promises little, but that little will be of aid to those for whom the book is prepared. It will make familiar the names given to the various great functions of the mind, and the general process of mental activity. A much better book is Dr. Lyman Abbott's

\* My Prisons. From the Italian of Silvio Pellico. With an Introduction, by Epes Sargent. New Edition. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

'Study in Human Nature,' which was prepared for the Chautauqua School of Theology. It is short and simple, and does not aim to be anything more than a primer of the subject. It contains much of sound commonsense and of the truest wisdom, not only for theological students, but for all persons who care to know anything about human nature. Without being dogmatic, its teaching is positive and helpful in its nature; and it teaches those truths about man which the great majority of scholars accept as trustworthy.—A MORE pretentious work than either of these is 'Human Psychology: The Intellect: An Introduction to Philosophy,' by Rev. E. Janes, A.M., (Oakland, Cal.: W. B. Hardy) prepared for use in the University of California. The author has made a small and suggestive book, which has the merit of keeping pace with the progress in psychological theories. We feel rather doubtful of the breadth of his view when we find him omitting the names of Kant, Fichte and Hegel from his historic survey of philosophy and including those of Reid, Bain and Porter. In a general way he seems to be a disciple of Dr. Porter, rejecting materialism and idealism alike. In the hands of a skillful teacher his book will very well answer its purpose; but it is in no sense an original work.

In a little book of about two hundred pages, the story of the life of John Knox has been retold. ('John Knox,' by Wm. M. Taylor, New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) If there was something hard about this great leader of the Reformation in Scotland, there was also something very manly and earnest. Stern he undoubtedly was; but in the time when he lived only stern men had a chance of leading the world towards truth and liberty. While we prize the intellectual and religious freedom gained for us by the Reformation, we cannot fail to feel that a debt is owed to Knox. He has made his mark on the world, because there was so much of manhood, greatness of moral purpose, and thorough intellectual sincerity in him. Few to-day feel in sympathy with his sternness, and with his Puritanic morality; but those were things of the time in which he lived. Without them he would not have been to the world what he has been, or impressed his personality so deeply on the life and thought of Scotland. In the world of life and active thought he is one of the moral leaders and inspirers of men. It is good to know that men of such uncompromising moral purpose have lived. We would have more of toleration and charity, more of love and the spirit of brotherhood, than they have been possessed of; but we are in danger of losing their clear vision of moral truth, and their uncompromising devotion to the right. It is good, therefore, that Dr. Taylor should again tell for us what is best worth knowing in the life of Knox. His brief and well-written and carefully digested book cannot but be of service to the young, and to all others who have not the time for perusing a more extended work. He has made use of the latest researches into the life of Knox; and he has written with a sympathetic appreciation of the reformer's work and influence.

FUNK & WAGNALLS publish a 'Concentric Chart of History,' prepared by James M. Ludlow, D.D., which is an ingenious and helpful aid to the study of history and an excellent book of reference. Fan-shaped, and opening and shutting like a fan, each leaflet is devoted to a different country; while the centuries are so arranged as to give an admirable opportunity for studying history contemporaneously. By opening the fan entirely, one can see what was happening all over the world in any given century; while any two leaflets can be brought in conjunction to study contemporaneous history in any two countries. Leaflets are also arranged with lists of painters, sculptors, architects, literary characters, ancient arts, useful arts, etc., while some are left blank for personal notes. The history given is, of course, limited to mere dates and facts; but these are useful, not merely for reference, but for actual study. The day is happily passing away for voluminous text-books, as teachers are expected no longer merely to 'hear recitations,' but to teach. Even in large graded schools, where it is impossible for pupils to make their own investigations to any great extent, lectures from topics should take the place as far as possible of pages committed to memory.

NUMBER twenty-one of the 'Questions of the Day' (Putnam) is 'A Solution of the Mormon Problem,' by John Codman. It gives a fair and just statement of the Mormon difficulty, and of the efforts hitherto made to deal with it on the part of Congress and the people. The remedy he proposes is that of sending the non-polygamous Mormons to Utah as missionaries. We are of the opinion that such a remedy is likely to be far too slow to suit

the growing temper of the American people on this question.—'SKETCHES in Holland and Scandinavia,' by Augustus J. C. Hare, like the 'Venice' and 'Florence' which preceded it (Routledge), is less an effort at description for people who have to stay at home than a sort of sublimated guide-book, pleasanter than the conventional Baedeker to take with one as a companion in visiting the countries one's self.

#### Recent Fiction

'THE EVOLUTION OF "DODD,"' by William Hawley Smith (Lothrop), is a curious and suggestive little story, dealing heavy blows for a much-needed reform—the consideration of pupils as individuals. This of course becomes more difficult as a school increases in size, but even in large graded schools consideration of the boy, as well as of the pupil, should be, and could be, more prominent than it is. The author's success in argument lies in the fact that he never shirks practical assistance with mere general suggestions, such as, 'the child should be made to feel,' etc., but shows *how* a child can be made to feel. He builds from the right basis, that the problem is not to evolve a beautiful system for the management of children, but to decide which system is best adapted to the individual child, with the probability that more than one system, and sometimes a system theoretically the least desirable, will best be brought into play. The author is very much in earnest, and even if we do not accept all his conclusions, it is impossible not to profit by what he says. 'Dodd' begins his school experience at a kindergarten, and we heartily agree with the author in his evident belief in faults in the system. The cultivation of the observing faculties, the teaching by object lessons, etc., are all most excellent; but there is undoubtedly an amount of machinery brought to bear on the instilling of an idea which can only remind one of the waste of material in the ponderous structure which serves as a bridge over the small pond in the Boston Public Garden.

ON hearing that 'Bachelor Bluff' has written a story, one hopes to find in it the friends who were to people 'My House' of which he wrote so pleasantly of late. But 'The Adventures of Timias Terrystone,' by Oliver Bell Bunce (Appleton), deals with quite different persons from any who could have inhabited that graceful home of refinement and culture. We cannot think that the form of a story adds anything of value to what is the real worth of the book: the bits of philosophy about art and love and conduct which come in casually but are really the purpose of the tale. It is hard to feel much interest in the love or the lovers; but some of the talk is very admirable—especially that on the inefficacy of fault-finding,—and suggests that Mr. Bunce may yet write for us an American 'Friends in Council.' Let the 'Friends' gather about the fireside of 'My House,' and let 'Bachelor Bluff' be the autocrat of the conversation, and it is certain that the result will be delightful.

'WORDS AND WAYS,' by Sarah J. Jones (Phillips & Hunt), is a curious story for young people, based upon methods which we cannot approve. It begins well enough, as a story to illustrate (by a family of children—who seem, by the way, left to themselves in a manner quite unusual, to say the least) the importance of children's learning to weigh their words and consider their manners. Even in this part, however, it may be said that the average child is not nearly so rude as these children were. Towards the close it becomes evident that the story has been a device to inveigle children into listening to dissertations on the wickedness of dancing and playing cards; while the chapters on spiritualism, exposing the tricks of mediums, are a kind of literature which there is neither propriety nor wisdom in laying before children.

'DEARER THAN LIFE,' by Emma Leslie (Phillips & Hunt), is an historical story of the times of Wiclif, well written, interesting and giving clearly the historical idea. It is a pity it has a sensational title suggesting a startling novel, for the book is much better than its name.—'THE TALK OF THE TOWN' (Franklin Square Library) is James Payn's latest effort to amuse us. As usual, he succeeds admirably. The novel recounts the joys and sorrows of a Shakspearian antiquary, and the adventures in love and literature of his scapegrace nephew, and is very entertaining.—'THE WITCH'S HEAD,' by H. Rider Haggard (Appleton), is a very poor and intensely disagreeable story, made up of sensational elements that are simply horrible without being in the least interesting.



## Psyche and Pan.\*

WHAT thought of Love, O Psyche, fills thy soul?  
 What wayward fancy tremulously doth bide  
 About thy heart, that scarce thy lips can hide  
 A tender smile? Recallest how Love stole  
 Upon thee unaware, while still the dole  
 Of his first absence held thee dewy-eyed,  
 And how his words thy doubting heart did chide,  
 And how his kiss thy wounded heart made whole?

Ah, subtle is the power of piping reed  
 Touched deftly by Pan's fingers! Well for thee  
 If tranquil memories alone he raise,  
 And doth not fright thee with rude prophecy  
 Of Venus pitiless, of woe decreed,  
 And all thy wandering through thorny ways.  
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS. LEWIS E. GATES.

## The Grave on the Hill.

DEATH is her lover now. No more  
 From flying hour to hour she hastes,  
 Nor counts her pleasures o'er and o'er.  
 Silence—a grave in thorny wastes—  
 While April laughs along the shore.

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

## The Poe Memorial.

THE actors' monument to Poe, designed by Richard H. Park, was unveiled at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Monday last. The ceremonies consisted of a prayer by the Rev. Arthur Brooks, music by Gilmore's orchestra, an address by Edwin Booth, an oration by the Rev. Wm. R. Alger, a speech of acceptance by Director Di Cesnola, the singing of an anthem ('The Song of the Free') written by G. E. Montgomery, the reading of a poem by William Winter, and the recitation of Poe's 'Raven' by Miss Sarah Cowell. The signal for unveiling the memorial was given by the veteran John Gilbert. It revealed a life-size bronze bust of the poet inlaid upon a slab of white marble rising against the right wall near the north entrance to the building. A marble figure of Poesy, standing upon the pedestal, holds a wreath of flowers around the bust. Mr. Winter's inscription upon the slab runs as follows:

This Memorial, expressing a deep and personal sympathy between the Stage and the Literature of America, was placed here by the Actors of New York to commemorate the American Poet, Edgar Allan Poe, whose parents, David Poe, Jr., and Elizabeth Arnold, his wife, were actors, and whose renown should therefore be cherished with peculiar reverence and pride by the dramatic profession of this country.

He was born in Boston, the 19th day of January, 1809. He died in Baltimore, the 7th day of October, 1849.

He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death. But in his fame he is immortal.

Sæpius ventis agatitur ingens  
 Pinus, et celsae graviore casu  
 Decidunt turres, ferluntque summos  
 Fulgura montes.

We are tempted—and yield to the temptation—to quote the last four stanzas of Mr. Winter's nineteen-stanzaed poem:

Oh, if he sinned he suffered! Let him rest,  
 Who, in this world, had little but its pain!  
 The life of patient virtue still is blest—  
 But there be bosoms powerless to restrain  
 The surging tempests of the heart and brain;  
 Souls that are driven madly o'er the deep,  
 Their passions fatal, and their struggle vain;  
 Men that in nameless grief their vigils keep,  
 With marble lips, and eyes that burn but cannot weep.

\* Suggested by Beyschlag's picture of Psyche listening to Pan's piping.

Far from the blooming field and fragrant wood  
 The shining songster of the summer sky,  
 O'er ocean's black and frightful solitude,  
 Driven on broken wing, must sink and die;  
 So on the ocean of eternity,  
 Far from man's help and all things bright and warm,  
 Broken and lost, but with no lingering sigh—  
 For death, at last, is peace—his ravaged form  
 Sank in the weltering wave, and no more felt the storm.

His music dies not—nor can ever die—  
 Blown round the world by every wandering wind;  
 The comet, lessening in the midnight sky,  
 Still leaves its trail of glory far behind.  
 Death cannot quench the lustre of the mind,  
 Nor hush the seraph song that Beauty sings;  
 Still in the Poet's soul must Nature find  
 Her voice for every secret that she brings,  
 To all that dwell beneath the brooding of her wings.

The silent waves of Time's eternal sea  
 Roll o'er the silent relics of the dead;  
 But, wafted on those waters, far and free,  
 How bright, how fleet his starry songs are sped!  
 Black gleams the deep beneath, but overhead  
 All heaven is glorious with its orbs of light,  
 While, like a spirit loosed from ocean's bed,  
 Lo! one clear echo, sounding through the night,  
 Floats up the crystal slopes of God's own mountain height.

## The Lounger

COLONEL MAPLESON tells me that Mme. Patti is going to sing 'Carmen' in London. She had several rehearsals of the opera in Boston, and believes she can make something new out of the title role. She will either make a great success or a great failure, and I am inclined to think it will be the former. There is no music in the opera particularly well calculated to show off the special qualities of Patti's voice, so she is going to introduce the Bolero from the 'Sicilian Vespers.' This is better than introducing 'Nearer my God to Thee' into 'Faust,' as was done by Miss Abbott; but the selection is not a wise one, and the Bolero will suffer by comparison with the more characteristic music of Bizet.

It is interesting to see that people remember that Mr. Froude's name rhymes with mood and not with cloud, and that the discussion of the subject prompted by his visit of ten years since has not been revived by his return to the United States.

IN the last literary bulletin of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., there is a portrait of Miss Mary N. Murfree, over the heavy masculine autograph of 'Charles Egbert Craddock.' It is a bright, rather sharp face, with keen dark eyes. Miss Murfree's identity has been better concealed behind her *nom de plume* than that of the author of 'John Bull and His Island,' who has been long known to be, not Max O'Rell as he called himself, but M. Paul Blouët, French Master at Westminster School and editor of the Clarendon Press volumes on French Oratory. It is only recently that the editors who knew his secret saw fit to betray him into the hands of his readers. Speaking of *noms de plume* and anonymous writers, the author of the Scribners' new novel, 'Across the Chasm,' is said to be Miss Julia Magruder of Virginia. The publishers accepted the manuscript from a friend of the author without demanding the author's name.

FROM O. B. comes the following paragraph:—'A daily paper thus records an interesting event: "An unfortunate Brooklyn man, who was burdened with the name De Witt Charles Clinton Fletcher Piper, has been allowed by the courts to drop Piper and De Witt." His reason for dropping De Witt I don't remember, but he found Piper unpleasant because of the association of the name with "the nursery rhyme." I sympathize with Charles (or C. Clinton Fletcher, as he may prefer to be called); but it was unnecessary to go to the courts to get his name changed. The current notion that a change of name must be legalized, has no foundation in fact. A man can call himself whatever he chooses, without asking anybody's consent. It is an advantage to have the change effected by Act of Legislature, but it is not necessary.'

A NOTE was printed in THE CRITIC a fortnight since in which Poe was quoted as having said of 'The Raven': 'It is the greatest poem ever written, it is the greatest poem in the world.' To most persons familiar with the subject, this seemed a characteristic speech. But Mr. Sartain, the well-known engraver, tells the Philadelphia Press that he once heard Poe say of 'The Raven,' that he had written 'one thing that would last,' but that 'he was a little elated with wine or he would not have expressed himself in that tone of triumph, *he was so singularly modest!*' This is something new.

THE Rev. Wm. R. Alger has made an equally interesting discovery concerning Poe. He has studied the subject, and found out all about 'the proud, dazzling, ill-starred and unspeakably afflicted genius.' The poor fellow has been systematically and persistently maligned. 'He was not a bad man. . . . He was marred by moral obliquity, was stained with vicious weakness, was variously defective and sinful;—that is all. So now we have a new Poe—a 'singularly modest' man, 'variously defective and sinful' but by no means bad. In other words, Mr. Alger finds him 'not guilty' but warns him not to do it again.

### Shyness.

[From *The Spectator*.]

ONE of the most serious of the late Rector of Lincoln's troubles was certainly that chronic moral complaint of home-bred boys and girls called 'shyness.' 'I,' he says, 'who had come up to Oxford a mere child of nature, totally devoid of self-consciousness, to such a degree that I had never thought of myself as a subject of observation, developed a self-consciousness so sensitive and watchful that it came between me and everything I said or did. It became physical nervousness; I thought every one was watching me; I blushed and trembled in company when I spoke or moved, and dared not raise a glass to my lips for fear it should be seen how my hand trembled. Before I said any thing I had to think what would So-and-so think of me for saying it. A marked self-consciousness was in a fair way to darken my life, and to paralyze my intellect.' When the Provost of Oriel greeted Pattison in Oriel Lane, and held out his hand, he took off his cap, but in the anguish of the moment ignored the outstretched hand, and tore past him. When Mark Pattison screwed himself up to give his first wine-party this was the result:

However, it belonged to the dignity of a commoner of Oriel to invite his friends to drink wine with him. I accordingly asked some of those who had asked me in the summer. I made as good a selection as I could, with a view to the suitability of the guests to each other. A handsome dessert was ordered from Sadler's; the port and sherry decanted. The guests were formally received by me in a cold sweat, so nervous that the few ideas I had fled, and left my brain a blank. I was at all times deficient in that mental activity and quickness of social sympathy to which James Burn, the beggar-boy, in his curious Autobiography, ascribes his success in life, in spite of grave defects in regard of the solid parts of character. Oh, the icy coldness, the dreary Egyptian blankness of that 'wine;' the guests slipped away one by one under pretext of engagements, and I was left alone with an almost untouched dessert, to be carried off as perquisite by the college scout. It was long before I summoned courage to give a repetition of the entertainment. I thought I was ostracised, blackballed, expelled from society; I reflected hopelessly on the causes of the breakdown, ascribing it to every cause except the simple one—clownishness and want of the *usage du monde*.

In Mr. Pattison's case, we are told that this shyness was a direct consequence of the morbid self-consciousness which the attempt to conform his own views to the views of the Oxford world around him, the difficulty of doing so, and the consequent sense of acting a part, and of acting it badly, soon produced in him. But all this only shows how very complex the quality which we call shyness may often be, though as often it is certainly very simple. You may have a shyness which is mere timidity, like the shyness of many a child quite incapable of any morbid self-consciousness, when it suddenly finds itself amongst strangers. In that sense a bird is shy of unfamiliar faces, and is not shy of those it knows. And there is probably as much difference between the shyness of a bird, and the oppressive feeling which gave Mark Pattison so many pangs throughout his youth, as there is between the simplest kind of human shyness and the most oppressive. Certainly, the shyness which Mr. Pattison attributed to self-consciousness, was not due to self-consciousness *alone*. No man or woman was ever shy simply from self-consciousness. Indeed, some of the most repulsive forms of impudence and effrontery are inseparable from a vigilant—we

might say a morbid—self-consciousness. Nobody would think of calling Becky Sharp shy; but Becky Sharp is as self-conscious throughout 'Vanity Fair' as any school-girl overwhelmed with a sense of her own defects could have been. Only Becky Sharp is possessed with a sense, not of her own defects, but of her own powers and resources. Self-consciousness, without any self-distrust, does not produce shyness but effrontery. In Mr. Pattison's case it was clearly the shrinking self-distrust which combined with his self-consciousness to make him so miserable. And the self-distrust even without the self-consciousness would have been quite enough to make him shy, though it could not have produced that peculiarly miserable form of shyness from which he suffered. Shyness is not necessarily anything more in man than it is in a horse who distrusts a grotesque or novel shape, seen for the first time by the side of the high-road, and, as the phrase is, 'shies' at it. The shying horse does not suffer, except momentarily, from the slight nervous shock,—perhaps does not suffer at all, for it is noticeable that a horse which will shy when it is fresh and in high-feeling, will not shy when it is well exercised and moderately fed; and that does not look as if the shying were so much due to fear as to fancifulness and wilfulness. And so, too, one has often seen lively children exhibiting shyness rather as a sign of superfluous vitality, than of genuine fear. It is often whimsicalness and wilfulness which make children exhibit what is called shyness, though it is still oftener genuine timidity. Still, even where it is real timidity which makes children seem shy, and not wilfulness,—where that genuine pleasure often experienced in ostentatiously recoiling from something which excites a superficial distaste but no sort of timidity, is *not* the motive force which produces the shyness,—there is but seldom any suffering of the order which Mark Pattison paints so graphically. Genuine shrinking is never exactly pleasant,—the sensitive plant itself can hardly be supposed not to suffer, if it has any feeling at all, in trembling at rude touches,—but though not exactly pleasant, there are many states much more unpleasant than the mere recoil from what is dreaded only because it is unknown. What gives the venom to the worst sufferings of shyness is not the mere shrinking from others, but what is much worse, the shrinking from yourself as seen in the light of other persons' disapproval; for it is their supposed disapproval which first prompts you to act an unnatural part, and then to hate yourself for trying to act, and for acting badly, that unnatural part. Mr. Pattison put the secret of his own disgust at the consequences of his shyness very powerfully: 'I was making a constant effort to appear to be, and thus a habit of acting a part, and considering how I looked in it, grew up in me. It was bad enough that I was always surrendering or crushing-out my natural judgment in favor of other men's judgment, but it was worse that I was trying to pass myself off for something I was not. For it was of course, that my endeavor, from being an endeavor to seem *something* I was not, should slide into an endeavor to seem something *better* than I was. This gave my whole behavior an insincerity and affectation which, when discovered, extremely displeased myself, but which I found it impossible to shake off, as it was bound-up with the attempt to do and think as others do,—an attempt which at that time was indispensable to my existence as a member of society.' This is a sketch of something very much more indeed than ordinary shyness. It is a sketch of a double shyness, a shyness resulting from dread of society, and a still deeper shyness resulting from the unhappy effect produced on himself by that dread of society. It is the sort of shyness which a man would feel if he could see his own face in a glass as he made up his countenance for a conventional company speech. Dread of the company makes him attempt the company speech, and then disgust with himself as he sees the artificial expression which he has managed to summon-up in his own face, makes him break-down with it. If a horse first shied at some uncomfortable object in the hedge, and then shied at the freakish capers of his own shadow as seen in the act of shying, we might imagine the horse to produce in some faint copy the fits and starts from which Mr. Pattison suffered so much in his undergraduate days, and apparently even in his graduate days, at Oxford. It was a shyness of the second order,—first, shyness of the world; next, still greater shyness of himself as he looked in the attitude of conforming to the world. He thought he must be wrong for feeling so differently from what the world appeared to feel. He knew he must be wrong for affecting to feel so differently from what he really did feel; and he was all the more put-out because he was aware that the affectation was not successful,—that no one was taken-in by it to imagine that he was really like other people in his inner tastes and preferences. Certainly Mr. Pattison's life does show that it would be well for all young people if



they could be early taught to discriminate between what is good in the general tone of society which they might reasonably imitate, and what is good in themselves, which they ought not to give up to the dictation of mere social usage.

On the whole, may we not say that shyness of the ordinary kind,—which, in its most characteristic form in grown-up persons, is, we suppose, a tentative shrinking from subjecting oneself to the influence of a new mind and character,—is a precautionary instinct which ought not to be despised, though it certainly ought not to be allowed to run riot over us either to the extent of making us anxious to conform to all the tyrannies of social usage, or reluctant to profit by the experience and the wisdom of others? Such shyness is really the effect of a true instinct which teaches that nothing is more critical to the inner life of men than the influence of other men,—and the shy feeling is apt, therefore, to be all the greater on the eve of any friendship under the influence of which the character undergoes a powerful change, whether for good or for evil, or one under which it undergoes a great change of mixed character. Undoubtedly our moral life would be exposed to even more dangers than it is, if the character were not protected by this curious foretaste of the critical character of the emergency arising when new moral influences begin to take effect upon us. Often we are saved by this shyness from forming really mischievous friendships; often, again, we are warned by it of the momentous character of an impending influence to the fascination of which we are really destined,—a fascination ultimately all the greater for the obstacle which has, in the first instance, to be overcome. But valuable as this instinct is, it certainly should not be allowed to paralyze the character as we sometimes see it paralyzed, partly by fruitless efforts to repudiate its own best impulses, partly by the disgust with oneself which such fruitless efforts cause.

### Persia in Danger.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THERE is a point in this struggle with Russia to which the English people have as yet given little or no attention, and that is that the war may take an unexpected turn. That the Russians wish for Herat we believe, for Herat, from the strategist's point of view, is the key of Central Asia, and strategists govern the policy of St. Petersburg; but we find it difficult to believe that they wish for Afghanistan. What is that Asiatic Switzerland to them? Wholly apart from the dangers arising from a struggle with England, and the consequent hopefulness imparted to every enemy of Russia, the conquest of Afghanistan would involve another war of the Caucasus,—a long, wasteful, and dreary effort, which Russia is little fitted to sustain. The Afghans fight well, as General Roberts has reason to know; they would be contending for independence, and they are adepts in the 'insurrections' which so baffle and weary an occupying force. Supported with English money and weapons, with the whole population united, and with the Suleiman open for the retreat of their leaders, they would fight on for years, and when conquered—as, of course, if abandoned they must be conquered—where would be Russia's gain? She would not really be nearer India, for, as we have repeatedly pointed out, we could, if driven back on the Suleiman, make that huge wall impregnable; and could, moreover, come to terms with the Punjabees, by accepting military service in lieu of taxation, which would give us an absolutely faithful Native Army, drawn from twenty millions of brave people. Intrigue in India would not matter much, if from the Bolan to Delhi every native could be as implicitly trusted as an Englishman, and the Sikhs formed a standing guard against hostile entrance to the plains. The conquerors do not need recruits, even if Afghans would suit them as soldiers; and no conceivable method of taxation could make the country pay for its necessary garrison. Russia may want war with England just now, but her permanent want is taxable territory, provinces which would relieve her territory of its Asiatic burden; and it is difficult to us to believe that if she fights at all, she will long resist a magnificent opportunity of getting them. Suppose, after clutching Herat, and while bearing a long English siege there, the Russian chiefs, turning aside from the stony hills and plains of Afghanistan, direct their whole unemployed strength on Persia—that is, invade at once from Armenia, from the Khanates, from the Attrek, and across the Caspian Sea—what human power could prevent their conquering Persia as a whole, and either seating a dynasty of their own at Teheran, or a Russian Viceroy? Europe, England excepted, has little interest in Persia. There is no force in Persia itself which could resist a real invasion—an invasion, we mean, with General Gourko at its head, and 100,000 Russians, with breech-loaders, behind him—for a

month. The effective Persian Army—the army, we mean, that could face Europeans in the open with a chance of success—does not exceed 15,000 men, and the remainder have proved incompetent even to defeat Sepoys, and, though brave men with great intelligence, are scarcely soldiers at all. The population has been reduced by misgovernment, famine, and other causes, below 5,000,000, scattered over 500,000 square miles; and the only organization is a certain habit of obedience to the Royal House, which monopolises all first-class posts. The people are regarded as heretics by all other Mussulman races; they are permanently hated by Turks and Arabs; and the Court has, except in London, no ally. A less formidable Power could hardly be conceived as guardian of so great a prize. For just think what the prize, if it were obtainable, would be to Russia! Persia is as large as France, Italy, and Spain, with a soil for the most part fertile, in some provinces as fine as that of Italy, in others needing nothing but colonists, a little irrigation, and a law making the tenure dependent on the planting of timber-trees. Everything will grow in Persia, from wheat to pine-apples; and it is regarded throughout Asia as Italy is regarded in Europe, as the fairest of lands. Its provinces would be far more attractive to the Russian cultivators, who are now slowly swarming Southwards out of the sterile Governments of the North, than the already-occupied plains of the South, and the means of communication across the Caspian might be made endless. The overflow of the Russian population, which always increases, could be directed into Persia with ease; and in ten years she could absorb three millions of Russian and German agriculturists, who, in such a soil and under such a sky, with Russia to feed and India to trade with, could not but be prosperous. Not only, moreover, would Russia acquire a 'colony' as valuable to her as Australia to ourselves—a colony, moreover, with which her communication could never be cut—but she would hold a position most threatening to Turkey, whom she could then strike from behind as well as in face; and she would at Mohammerah reach the open water,—a cardinal object of her policy. Every race presses forward to the 'sea,'—meaning by that word the sea which touches all countries; and the Slav is the only great and ambitious one which is still kept away from it, on the North by ice, on the South by the Dardanelles, and on the East by the awful distances of Asiatic Russia, which make the Northern Pacific practically inaccessible. This is the permanent want which makes of Russia an aggressive Power. With a port on the Persian Gulf, her road would be open all the year round, to Asiatic waters at least, her Asiatic trade would have a 'natural route,' and her fleet would have its influence in every Asiatic combination. Indeed, with a railway constructed across Persia, a distance of less than 800 miles, much of the trade of Asia with Eastern Europe must pass through Russian territory; and she would be in possession of an alternative route, which might in certain crises be invaluable.

That Russian statesmen, if the war is localised in Asia, will look longingly towards Persia, as an easy reward for their efforts, we feel convinced, and the only doubt is whether Persia, if seriously attacked, will be defended by Great Britain. If it were, it would be solely with a view to our own interests. We are under no moral obligation to defend a Mussulman State in which misgovernment has reached such a point that the people are perishing of its effects. The moral claim to independence rests in a people, not a territory; and we know of no claim the Persians possess, except a certain genius for literature, which should exempt them from the fate that has overtaken the infinitely more numerous peoples of India. A Russian Government would, in all provinces, be better than their own; and in the Eastern Province, would protect their people from the ravages of the Turcomans, who are too strong for all the efforts of the Kajar dynasty. We should fight for ourselves if we fought at all; and whether we should fight or not would, we suspect, be matter of high and envenomed debate. On the one hand, there is the fixed Anglo-Indian opinion that with the Russians in Persia India could not be safely held without a garrison of a hundred thousand men, and a powerful squadron permanently stationed in the Persian Gulf, the most distressing, though not the most deadly, climate in the world. That is, the military expenditure of India must be increased fifty per cent. This opinion, which had, we imagine, the sanction of Lord Palmerston, is also that of influential English observers, who maintain that such an approach towards India would create unbearable financial strain, and ultimately, by compelling heavier taxes, would make India discontented. That view would, moreover, be greatly strengthened for the present by the feeling that if Russia annexed Persia she would, whatever her treaty with England about Afghanistan, come out of the war a victor, or at least the possessor of all the solid ad-

vantages of a campaign. A Treaty which left the Debateable Zone to Abdurrahman, and Teheran to the Czar, would seem an ineptitude, and might be denounced by a majority of Englishmen as a virtual defeat. It would, too, in one sense be a virtual defeat, for within a few years both Cabul and Khelat would feel a new, steady, and most irksome pressure from the West, where a Russian Viceroy, merely to pacify the predatory tribes, would be constantly wanting help from Afghanistan and Beloochistan. On the other hand, the seclusion of Russia would be broken by the possession of Persia; and in her seclusion consists much of her strength. We could get at her in the Persian Gulf, without the difficulty presented by the Dardanelles; and not only would our Naval preponderance be formidable to her, as it is not now, but her trade would be liable to serious shocks, and her armies might be drawn at any moment to the Southernmost corner of her Empire. She would be more exposed to attack than she is at present; and if she moved either against Afghanistan or Turkey, would be liable to a blow from the rear it would take a third of her army to ward-off. Moreover, her new province would be so wealthy, that it would be in some sense a reason for peace, much of the Russian readiness for war being based upon irreducible poverty. We do not wish to decide, in a paper partly speculative—though our readers may three months hence turn back to it with attention—which line of thought will ultimately attract Englishmen, but they will do well to remember when they think of Russia that there is but one conquest which would relieve her Treasury; that the idea of this conquest has never been absent from her military bureaux; and that European circumstances at this moment render this conquest more possible than it ever seemed before.

### England's Huguenot Society.\*

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

It is such a pleasant thing to have a pedigree to distinguish one, that it is surprising the descendants of the Huguenots have never formed a Society to assert their claims before. They have a pedigree, and a very good one; but as yet they have been content to allow the world to find it out. Scotchmen would not have been equally careless. A body of Scotch Catholics in France, supposing such a thing to be possible, would long ago have had a society, with a hall and a periodical feast. They would have kept a sharp look-out to see that the colony received all due credit, and would have taken good care to hunt up every descendant of the original emigrants who had in any way distinguished himself in the world. The Huguenots have never till now thought it necessary to take that trouble. The reticence need not be put down either to modesty or to readiness to mix with the people they were settled among. Neither the first refugees nor their descendants have ever been wanting in a keen sense of the sacrifices they made for conscience sake. The families which fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes knew perfectly, no doubt, the whole extent of their superiority to the Palatines. It was one thing to leave France because you could not swallow the Mass, and another to be driven out of house and home by Frenchmen. The Huguenots have, on the whole, been exceedingly tenacious of their nationality. M. J. J. Weiss found a whole village of their descendants in the midst of Germany still as French in language and customs as ever. They kept till lately, if they do not still keep, a little orderly and prosperous Ghetto of their own at Berlin. Nobody need grudge them their pride of race, for wherever the Huguenot has settled he has duly paid for his hospitality. He has never forgotten that France was wholly given up to the Scarlet Woman, and has fought against her accordingly and with some effect. That dreadful Frederick the Great, whom the Duc de Broglie finds such a wicked man because he beat the French, was suckled on the milk of the Huguenots, so to speak. They never had an opportunity to educate such a monster in this country, but they have done good service none the less. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that they should feel themselves a peculiar people, and cast about for a way of recording the fact. The Society, of which Sir H. A. Layard is the first President, is as good a way of doing it as another. Probably the first generation of refugees would not have altogether approved of the surroundings of the Criterion, Piccadilly, or have thought a meeting preceded by a dinner the best way of commemorating the sufferings and merits of the Saints, but such considerations need not disturb their present descendants. When the Society is fully in working order and has set about collecting materials for

a history of the Huguenot families settled in England, it will have an undoubtedly blameless occupation.

When the history of the Huguenot community is written, a good many reasons will be found why it has held such a respectable position in this country. The first settlers, for one thing, introduced new industries, and were careful to keep them to themselves. Accordingly they prospered, and when they made money they saved it. Not a few of the first generation were able men, and their descendants have been worthy of a tough race. The Society will not have to seek far to find the names of men of mark who come from the French settlers. Still, when all their later merits have been duly set forth, it will be found that the exceptionally honorable character of a descent from the Huguenots is due much less to their silk-weaving and their success in producing lawyers than to the fact that they alone among the refugees who have found shelter in England paid their footing in military service. They gave us one good general and several good officers. The Duke of Schomberg may be taken as a set-off to the Earl of Galway. At the outset of their existence as an exiled people, they did us the excellent service of helping to bring troublesome people in Ireland to order. No doubt the work had much in it calculated to please them. Having just been dragooned and sent to the galleys by the eldest son of the Church, they must have found the task of fixing the penal laws on the necks of the Irish Roman Catholics very attractive. Then, too, they could meet their native persecutors in Ireland. But it would be ungracious to deny them their due praise because they worked for their own revenge in working for us. It is enough that they did what they undertook to do remarkably well at the Boyne and at Aughrim. At a later date they fought equally well in Spain. It was not the fault of the Huguenot body that the Ministry thought fit to trust Galway with the command of the army he contrived to lose so effectually. The French regiments would have fought quite as well under Peterborough and have helped him to win. As it was, they were reduced to preventing Galway from losing as disgracefully as he might have done. They got themselves cut to pieces, and no reasonable man could ask any more from them. Much good has been said, and deservedly, about the services of the Huguenots in more peaceful ways; but it was the hard fighting of these regiments which gave the body its especial distinction. We owe something to the industry of Flemish immigrants; but nobody traces his ancestry elaborately to them. There were French Protestants in England long before Lewis XIV. was born, and they had their churches, and their story of sufferings for conscience sake, some of which were undergone in this country, and not from Roman Catholics. The Huguenots who came over here after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had had many predecessors; but nobody who claims descent from a French Protestant at all cares to go back beyond the last swarm. They have secured all the honor, and in the main they deserved it.

### Current Criticism

THE ITALICS ARE OURS:—Nothing so satisfactory has been reported for a long time as the success of the late Sir Harry Parkes in securing this country a coaling station at Port Hamilton. A post has been needed for years in that region, and it is superfluous to insist on the peculiar advantage of possessing one at the present moment. If nothing else had to be considered, the great extension of the French power in the Far East would be sufficient reason for adding to our means of commanding the trade routes on the Chinese coast. *The archipelago of which Quelpart, or Quilpart, or Quelheart is the chief island, was obviously meant to be occupied as a British naval station. Position and nature alike point out its manifest destiny.* It lies off the southern end of Corea, midway between Japan and the coast of China, just at the mouth of the Yellow Sea, and exactly where it should be for the purpose of commanding the trade route to Peking. It also affords an excellent starting-place and base of operations for a squadron which may have to cruise to the north. Then not only is it in the right place, but it is all it should be to make the most of its position. The coasts are rocky, and Port Hamilton, the proposed coaling station, has the inestimable merit of being the one harbour in the group, besides being good in itself. To make all perfect, we are said to have secured this prize by friendly arrangement with the Emperor of China. *It is better to get a desirable thing by fighting than not to get it at all; but there is a distinct advantage in obtaining territory without shedding blood and causing ill feeling.*—*The Saturday Review*.

\* An American Huguenot Society has been organized in New York. Eds. CRITIC.



**JOHN MORLEY'S FRENCH QUALITIES** :—Mr. Morley, the editor of the biographical series of English Men-of-Letters, the former editor of *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*—the author of the best, we might almost say of the only, biography of Diderot, is one of the largest-minded, most enlightened men of contemporary England. He is a Frenchman—a rare thing in England, even among those who consider themselves most French. 'Among English writers none has felt with such force, and none has expressed with such delicacy, the charms of France.' As philosopher he is a man of the Eighteenth Century, of which he possesses both the generosity and the enthusiasm for the ideal combined with the tolerance of the Nineteenth Century, and with the grave morality, the profound sense of the permanence of our actions, and the responsibility of each generation to its successors which fill the works of George Eliot, and which enable us ever to see the child of the Puritans behind the English Encyclopædist. As a writer he possesses 'communicative eloquence, the more attractive because sustained ;' he obtains the effects of the most powerful style by mere force of 'sober elevation of thought.'—*La Revue Politique et Littéraire*.

**EMERSON NOT TO BE ARGUED ABOUT** :—We had our say about Emerson when his loss was fresh, and expressed our sense of his value in terms which would probably seem too highly pitched to many good judges of literature on this side of the Atlantic. *Securus judicabit orbis terrarum*, but the day of final judgment is not yet, neither have we yet learnt in Grub Street to discount the decree of posterity with the serene confidence of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Awaiting that judgment, we see no reason in the meantime to go back from anything we have said, and we do not find anything material to add. As Emerson is the least argumentative of serious writers, so his power and his services to mankind are not capable of being argued about with much profit. There is, perhaps, no surer test of greatness than the command of unsympathetic respect. Every one of us who reads at all can probably name some author of the first rank whose claims his intellect admits, but whom he does not read with pleasure and seldom opens by choice. This is especially the case with poetry and speculative writings. It is too soon as yet for such a test to be applied to Emerson. Our own belief is that he will stand it.—*The Saturday Review*.

**SIDNEY LANIER'S MORAL EARNESTNESS** :—It is impossible to speak of moral earnestness, and its presence or its felt lack in our later literature, without at once suggesting the name of another man of the South—the most richly-gifted of our poets since the War—Sidney Lanier. Had he never written a poem, he would still be a power in our literature, so eloquently has he maintained, in strenuous prose, the thesis that 'moral purpose is the sole worthy inspiration of the artist.' I cannot here speak as I wish space allowed me to speak of his poetry. But let me advise any young man who loves 'deep-thoughted verse,' instinct with the love of nature and of ideal beauty, to read Lanier's 'Hymns of the Marshes,' and if he loves music, 'The Symphony.' He who reads these will perforce read others, and if he has fine fibre in his own nature cannot but love and admire this high-souled, truly chivalric son of the South, who did so noble a work for literature while he fought consumption and pinching poverty—true to art for long toilsome years before recognition came to him at death's door.—*President Gates, in the Rutgers' College Targum*.

**GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK** :—What the effect of this sudden invasion of German opera will be in New York can hardly be foretold now. That it will be very beneficial to the musical taste of the city and the country at large, however, cannot be doubted. German art, with its seriousness of purpose and thoughtful execution of details, was never before brought to bear so forcibly upon the American public. Plenty of German music, it is true, has been given in New York. The winter season of the American metropolis is rich in fine concerts, where the best music is presented in excellent style. The labors of the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies in making known the great orchestral works and of the Chorus and Oratorio Societies in producing vocal compositions have had a deep and lasting effect upon the American public. But music of the kind which these organizations perform appeals only to people of musical culture. The spectacle of a thoughtless, frivolous public—for the genuine music lovers are in the minority—brought face to face with art work of which the strength and seriousness cannot fail to be impressed upon the mind of that public, is, to say the least, encouraging.—*The Saturday Review*.

## Notes

'THE RUSSIAN REVOLT,' a study of nihilism, by Edmund Noble, of London, who has spent two years in Russia, will be published in about a week by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—John Wiley & Sons will soon issue new editions of Ruskin in twelve volumes. Heretofore they have issued them in thirty. One of the new editions will include the plates, as well as the wood-engraved illustrations, and will be sold for \$18; the other, without the plates, will be sold for \$12. The same house is about to publish parts 6 and 7 of Miss Alexander's 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany,' edited by Mr. Ruskin, and Hussak's 'Rock-Building Minerals,' translated from the German by Prof. E. G. Smith.

—Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. will soon issue a little volume containing two essays by Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett and her sister Mrs. Frances Ekin Allison, on 'The Future of Educated Women,' and 'Men, Women, and Money.'

—Craddock's 'Down the Ravine' will appear this month. It is an illustrated story for children.

—In response to an often expressed public demand, Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have undertaken the publication of a volume of the War poems of Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Ohio, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, an organization connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, and having branches throughout the Northern States. It will be published this month, under the title 'Camp-Fire, Memorial-Day, and Other Poems.'

—Barrett Wendell, author of 'The Duchess Emilia,' is an instructor in English at Harvard. He is a son of Jacob Wendell, an old New York merchant, and a kinsman, we believe, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—General Grant is hard at work on his book again, and has taken the trouble to write a letter denying that he is receiving literary assistance from General Badeau or anyone else. The denial was unnecessary.

—M. B. B., of Amenias, N. Y., writes :—Is Mr. Stevenson, in his 'Style in Literature,' loyal to the Queen's English when he says : 'From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and *sensual*, up to the architecture of the elegant and pregnant sentence,' etc. ? (THE CRITIC, p. 214.) It seems to me that his expression in another place in the essay is much nearer the idea he would apparently convey : 'A web at once *sensuous* and logical, an elegant and pregnant texture : that is style, that is the foundation of the art of literature.' (p. 199.) Milton did not say that poetry should be simple, *sensual* and passionate. Far from it !

—'Vladimir,' by Hyland C. Kirk, (New York : Howard Lockwood) is a poem based on incidents in Poland and Siberia. The best part of it is a translation from the Polish of some spirited verses beginning

O Polish mother, teach thy son  
What fetters are.

The author introduces, incidentally, allusions to a favorite theory of his own on 'the possibility of not dying ;' but as the directions are only of the most general kind, to the effect that to secure physical immortality we must live and love 'differently,' which we should all concede as self-evident, no very practical help is afforded towards solving the problem. It will probably be a long time before this subject will be treated of, either in prose or verse, as Hawthorne treated of it in 'The Dolliver Romance.'

—Mr. Stoddard says that the heading 'Poet, Lover and Liar' over his Poe article in last Sunday's *Tribune* was not authorized by himself, and that the essay was otherwise 'edited,' traces of the use of the editorial pruning-knife, meat-axe and circular saw being conspicuous in various places.

—It is with much regret that we record the failure of the well-known Boston publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., which was announced last Monday. Both the publishing-house and the Heliotype Printing Company, in which the firm are partners, have suspended payment, and made an assignment to Robert M. Morse, Jr., as trustee for the benefit of the creditors. A meeting of the creditors has been called for Tuesday, May 12. The firm is descended from the old firm of Allen & Ticknor, afterwards W. D. Ticknor & Co., Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Ticknor & Fields, Fields, Osgood & Co., James R. Osgood & Co., and Houghton, Osgood & Co. In 1876 the last-named firm was formed by the consolidation of the firm of James R. Osgood & Co. (James R. Osgood and Benjamin H. Ticknor), with Hurd & Houghton, and H. O. Houghton & Co. Afterward Messrs.

Osgood and Ticknor withdrew and, with E. L. Osgood and T. B. Ticknor, formed the firm of James R. Osgood & Co., removing from Franklin and Devonshire Streets to No. 211 Tremont Street. James R. Osgood owns the plant of the Heliotype Co., and leases it to James R. Osgood & Co., who, with Samuel D. Sargent, carry on the work. The liabilities of the publishing-house are said to be from \$150,000 to \$200,000—an amount which is exceeded by the nominal assets. There is reason to believe that business will be resumed.

—The ceremony of unveiling Hamo Thornycroft's marble bust of Coleridge in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, was to have been performed by Mr. Lowell on the afternoon of Thursday last.

—Roberts Bros.' announcements for the early days of May are 'New Poems' by Jean Ingelow, Philip Gilbert Hamerton's 'Landscape,' and 'The Fall of the Great Republic: 1886-88,' by 'Sir Henry Standish Coverdale, Intendant for the Board of European Administration in the Province of New York'—a prophetic retrospect, as it were, by one who proposes to tell us what will have happened when he has become three years less young than he is at present.

—*The Herald of Health* has begun to collect a new series of letters from some of the oldest of our brain-workers concerning their physical habits. Ten years or so ago, Dr. Holbrook published similar letters of great interest from William Cullen Bryant and William Howitt. The second of the new series, to appear in the June number of *The Herald*, will bear the signature—familiar to almost every one who has handled an American greenback—of F. E. Spinner, who is now in his eighty-fourth year. The third is being prepared for the next month's issue by Dr. James Freeman Clarke. These letters should possess much practical value as well as literary interest.

—In 1878 the New York Free Circulating Library was organized by a few benevolent ladies who proposed to circulate about 1500 books per annum amongst the poor of their acquaintance. Last year it circulated about 95,000 volumes promiscuously, and lost only three, though no guarantee for the return of the books is exacted. Each of ten similar libraries scattered over the island would, it is thought, be able to circulate 150,000 volumes a year. More money is needed to run the Bond Street library with, and unless it be raised the building cannot be kept open during the summer. The annual income is \$3500, the expenses \$12,000. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of the Patrons of the Library, added \$4000 last week to his original gift of \$1000, and thus became a Founder. Other subscriptions aggregating over \$1000 were made at the same time. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, No. 23 Wall Street, is the Treasurer.

—*The Century* for May glitters with gold buttons. Generals are as plenty as blackberries in their season, and seventy pages of the number deal with the Civil War, more especially with the Peninsular Campaign. By far the finest of these papers is Gen. Badeau's article on Grant, which is a model of that kind of writing. The author has gathered just the right facts to be interesting in themselves and illustrative of his subject, while under the calmness with which he writes there is felt the force of a strong personal enthusiasm. The skill is shown in the way in which we are enabled to see, not what Grant did, but how he did it. It is no longer possible, if it ever was before, to feel that Grant may have stepped in to reap success because of work others had prepared for him, or because his was the turn of 'luck.' We realize once for all, and indisputably, that we owe what we do to Grant because of personal qualities inherent in his nature which made him a wonderful general, a generous conqueror, a man who was a soldier only because he was a patriot. A noteworthy record is the fact that when the War opened, Grant, then a leather dealer in Galena, offered his services to the Secretary of War 'in any capacity that might be desired,' in a letter not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply!—It is a curious coincidence that what is emphatically 'a War number' contains also one of the most brilliant literary papers that we have had for some time—T. T. Munger's article on 'Immortality and Modern Thought.' It is a noble presentation of the standpoint of an ever-increasing class of thinkers: those who are neither scientists, 'religionists,' nor agnostics, but who, accepting everything that is proved by science and denying everything that rests merely on the hypothesis of special revelation, yet hold a belief in spiritual things which shames that of many a 'religionist' by its intensity. They are those who believe both in evolution and immortality; nay, who hold that evolution itself insists on immortality. 'There is a reason why the reptile should become a mammal: it is more life. Is there no like reason for man? Shall he not have more life? If not,

then to be a reptile is better than to be a man, for it can be more than itself; and man, instead of being the head of nature, goes to its foot.'—Another interesting feature is an article by George de Forest Brush, whose vocation it is to find art-subjects among the Indians, and reproduce them on canvas.—The study of the Laphams's 'commonness' continues wonderfully life-like, but in the present number the commonness is enough to make one cringe. Why do we need studies of vulgarity that shall be life-like? Mr. Howells scores a point, however, for the use of wine. It is the man who has never been taught to use wine properly who makes a brute and a fool of himself unwittingly when it comes in his way.—That we are not reading 'The Bostonians' is the only opinion we can give of it.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 941.**—I should like to know of some good edition of the 'Canterbury Tales,' with full notes—something like Rolfe's Shakespeare.  
CHARLESTON, S. C. S. HAMMOND.

[A. Gilman's, published in three volumes, at \$1.75 each, and sold only in sets, in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of British Poets.]

**No. 942.**—Last October I sent a paper to an American magazine. A few days afterward I was informed by the editor and proprietor that my 'entomological sketch' would appear at an early date, at so much per column, and that a check would be forwarded to me on its publication. Since then I have procured weekly numbers of the magazine from its agents in this city, but have not heard or seen anything concerning my sketch. Is it customary for a contributor to a periodical to become an actual subscriber so soon as he is informed that his manuscript is accepted? Would the editor refuse to publish in case he did not?  
St. JOSEPH, Mo. FRANK P. RENO.

[We have never heard of any such barbarous custom, and cannot believe an editor would take such a stand toward a contributor.]

**No. 943.**—Where and at what price can I purchase a copy of 'Our Press-Gang,' mentioned in Mr. Woodberry's 'Poe,' in the American Men-of-Letters Series?  
HOBOKEN, N. J. G. B.

**No. 944.**—Who wrote the lines  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring,  
appropriately quoted by Droch in a notice of Mrs. Custer's 'Boots and Saddles' in *Life*, last month?  
METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON. A. H. A.  
[They occur in Bayard Taylor's 'Song of the Camp.']

**No. 945.**—What is the best French dictionary for general use, and what is its price?  
PEABODY, MASS. H. L. S.  
[Little's, unless you mean a French-English and English-French dictionary, in which case we should recommend Cassell's, of which considerably over 100,000 copies have been sold. It is a handy volume of over 1100 pages. The price is \$1.50.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 785.**—My statement in *THE CRITIC* of Jan. 24, that Prof. Francis W. Newman was the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' was not exactly a 'guess of truth,' although I regret to say that I have since discovered it to be erroneous. I gave it on the authority of a catalogue issued by a well-known publisher of 'liberal' books, who has since informed me that he was led into the error of attributing it to Prof. Newman, in his catalogue, by a similar mistake of another publisher.  
WARWICK, PA. E. G. KEENE.

**No. 889.**—2. It is said to be used in the Southern States, 'hang' being a corruption of some local word of similar sound imitative of the cry of the wild goose, which flies high in clear weather, but low when it is cloudy.  
MEADVILLE, PA. G. L. C.

**No. 936.**—The poem is called 'Musings,' and is by Amelia Welby, of Kentucky. It is published by Messrs. Appleton, with her other poems.  
NEW YORK CITY. L.

**No. 936.**—The authorship of the lines was asked for in *THE CRITIC* for January 10th and was answered in the following number. The lines may also be found in a 'Dictionary of Poetical Quotations,' by John T. Watson, M.D., published by Lindsay & Blakiston, 1847. In this book, the author, Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, is referred to as one of the best poets of our country.  
BRYN MAWR, PA. E. P. A.

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